



By Tom Franks

Most of us do not have the tools necessary to work out the problems of living.

When living hands us some "problems," we begin a frantic search. We first assume that there must be an answer for every problem. After a time of looking, we begin to realize that nobody else has much to offer.

Those who appear to have a solution generally tell us exactly what we don't want to hear. Generally it is something we have already tried. Something that didn't work for us. "That's fine for you, but everybody is different," we say. We never ask ourselves—"Why is it that all these so-called different people have similar problems?"

For a time, we dismiss our problems, but they come back to haunt us. We try to roll with the punches, take the good with the bad and congratulate each other because we have finally graduated into the "Fraternal Order of Grin and Bear It."

The religious fraction of this fraternity is known for grinning and bearing it cold turkey. The accepted social group is, within reason, allowed to drink up a "Grin and Bear It." Another segment of this self-imposed cast system smokes up a "Grin and Bear It."

The list in this cast system goes on forever. There is sniff and bear, pop and bear, chew and bear, work and bear, drift and bear, sleep and bear, exercise and bear, etc.

At the bottom of this system are those who "Growl and Bear It." The person who can't grin is therefore in big trouble, an American outcast. He is known as a downer to the chemical uppers, a damper to the chemically depressed, a spoil sport on the athletic field and a wet blanket on the attendance of public worship.

However wonderful the "Grin and Bear It Fraternity" may be—it is still a bear.

**Spring Vacation**

Spring vacation is at hand. Students of all sizes and descriptions will escape from the classroom confines the week of Mar. 20.

I have been ready to escape from school since the first grade.

The truth is that a teacher (of sorts) discovered yours truly in the coat room with a petite blonde experimenting with our first kiss. Hers and mine.

The "teacher" marched me to my desk and obtained a short piece of plaster lath. The lath was put between my wrists and then my wrists were tied together. Thus I stayed until recess, as I recall.

In subsequent years, despite the claims of Madison Avenue, blondes may have had more fun—but not with me. I cannot say that the experience didn't smart. The amazing thing was the wealth of insight at that age. My impression of that teacher, only put into words today, consisted of a knowledge that she was, so to speak, "Over the Hill."

I further reasoned that coat rooms were off limits and of little practical use. My reasoning was confirmed with the demise of coat rooms and the advent of lockers, which are no place to experiment with anything.

Looking back at this column thus far, I must concur with a recent comment made to me by Heppner's one-liner champion Mayor Jerry Sweeney. Says Sweeney to me, "Can I do any better? Probably so. But not without outside help!" Right on.

The following are some choice statements gleaned from the Pony Express, the Heppner Junior High School newspaper. Such honesty we should have.

Writing about a new student body president, Susan Johnson, the reporter said, "Susan says she knows it is a big responsibility but she says she can handle it. She says she feels important and it feels pretty good."

In Feb. 14, the Pony reporter said of the kindergarten, "The kids just now finished learning counting to ten and the alphabet." Two weeks later we read in the same paper—"Miss Benedict's kindergarten classes are real busy. They have all learned to count to ten and say the alphabet." And in sports—"Launer was stopped on the boards due to a six foot tall monster."

Launer himself had this report to make: "...most of the horoscopes are just made up. So if you are a believer, my advice is don't rely on newspapers or magazines."

I find myself back in the business of definitions this week. Some of my definitions for certain common use words in the English language no longer fit any given dictionary.

If you run out of things to do in Morrow County, you might try putting new definitions to words. For example, take compromise and look it up in the dictionary and then play with it. If you have something better to play with, that's o.k., too.

Compromise—A contraction of the words come and promise, or a promise guaranteed by a come on. Also, Shaving wants to fit an imagined need.

I know better now, but here is my definition of the word grace from some early notes.

Grace—The process whereby God changes the water in man's goldfish bowl before he suffocates on the carbon dioxide of his own verbage.

Peace—A future state of blessedness where the Lion will lie down with the lamb—and starve to death.

Parks—National nature museums where men go to escape the society they have yet to subdue.

**Letters to the Editor**

**Pipeline water**

Editor:

Now is the time to find ways to send water from one part of the country to another through the gas pipeline systems we have, to fight drought or help relieve flood conditions in any part of the nation.

William R. Sullivan  
Vale, Ore. 97918 Box 250

**What really happened**

Dear Mr. Editor,

In postscript to the atrocious, conniving and nefarious article which your paper published last week, I feel compelled to come forth and admit the heroism reported. However, I must correct an error—I did not single-handedly capture the prowler. I must confess that I used both hands.

In addition, I had considerable moral support in the form of voices which appeared to be emanating from the mailroom. One authoritative male voice, sounding very much like the postmaster's, seemed to be saying "step on it." Another, which I would guess to be that of Flossie Watkins, implored me to "keep him." The third voice, which I suspect to have been that of Irene Bonner, could only be interpreted as an extended "yike."

Out of this contradiction and confusion I managed to pull myself together and make the wrong decision. It was wrong because everytime Anne rubs her arm, which is still sore from her tetanus shot, she threatens to bite me. I know now that the right decision would have been to buy a 13 cent stamp and post the little rascal to your mail box.

Sincerely,  
Dennis D. Doherty  
Morrow County District Attorney

Editor's Note: Mr. Doherty displayed a truly Irish outburst of patriotism in defense of the weak. Since we are sampling the county with this newspaper, we include the article to which his letter refers, in its apostolic entirety.

Mrs. Doherty is recovering nicely from her tetanus shot and the district attorney, to our knowledge, has not been bitten.

Contrary to rumor, the article printed below was not written by a drunken reporter. It is substantially true and will have no comparison to our April Fools issue, which will cover such subjects as alligators in Morrow County, a 12-foot snake photographed in a Morrow County farm yard and a very real, but strange, discovery concerning the possible eating habits of Big Foot.

District Attorney Dennis Doherty single-handedly captured a nocturnal prowler in the U.S. Post Office at Heppner two weeks ago.

Doherty said he saw the kangaroo rat making a run for it along the floor near the south wall, north of the FBI most wanted posters. After the capture, Doherty turned the wee creature over to his wife for safekeeping.

The rat was confined in a bird cage in the Doherty vehicle, but escaped in the car shortly thereafter. In the midst of a frantic search, the rat was found back in the cage eating a piece of cheese, it was reported.

On its second escape attempt, Mrs. Doherty picked

up the little bundle of fur and was promptly bitten.

She immediately released the kangaroo rat on its own recognizance.

"I thought it was cute," Doherty commented. Some other parties to the event said they did not share the district attorney's opinion. "Ug," said one of the witnesses.

On close questioning, Doherty claimed that he caught the kangaroo rat because he thought it would make a nice pet for children.

Details of the capture and subsequent escape remained sketchy this week. The reporter, who said he wouldn't print the story, had his fingers crossed. "You rat," someone said.

**Rodeo board plans dance**

The Morrow County Rodeo Board has several new members and officers following

recent elections. Bob Mahoney is newly elected chairman and Bob Montgomery vice

chairman.

The board has a new member, Max Wellberg, of Irrigon. The composition of the remainder of the board remains unchanged. The remaining members are Heppner area residents Leland Ansolegui, Lyle Lowe, John Gochauer, and Dennis Doherty, secretary.

The board has announced that a Fair Rodeo kick off dance will be held Saturday, Mar. 19, at the Fair Pavilion in Heppner.

The dance will be held from 9:30 p.m. until 1:30 a.m., with music by Depot II. Admission charge is \$2.50 per person.

**New deadlines set**

Deadlines

Effective this week, the following deadlines will be observed by the Gazette-Times.

Friday Noon—Standing columns, engagements and all other news having no time factor. Also all general news copy, items or articles concerning events which happen from Tuesday evening through Thursday night.

Monday Noon—All general news copy, items or articles concerning events which happen Friday through Sunday night.

Monday 5 p.m.—Deadline for all display advertising. Tuesday Noon—All legal, classified ads, classified display and cards of thanks.

Rates

A rate increase in display advertising is in effect at the Gazette-Times this month. The 10 per cent increase amounts to a basic charge of \$1.55 cents per column inch. The last rate increase for the Gazette-Times was two years ago.

Classified rates remain unchanged at 15 cents per word and \$1.50 minimum. A classified ad run for four consecutive weeks is charged at 10 cents per word with \$1.00 minimum per insertion.

**Gazette-Times theft reported**

An estimated 18 copies of the Gazette-Times were stolen from the Heppner Hotel Wednesday night, Mar. 2.

Myron Johnson, night clerk, said the papers were apparently taken from the hotel desk during his brief absence from the lobby. Johnson said he left the lobby for the bathroom and when he returned, the papers were gone.

**St. Patrick**

From slavery to courage

St. Patrick, whose feast day is celebrated on the 17th of March, is commonly known as the Apostle of the Irish. St. Patrick was born at Dunbarton in Scotland about 382 A.D.

As a youth, he was brought to Ireland as a slave. After a few years, he escaped and went back to his own people.

He was a pious Christian and we are told that in repeated visions he heard the plaintive cry of the Pagan Irish inviting him to come back amongst them.

Believing he was called by God, he entered the monastery of St. Martin of Tours in France to study for the Priesthood. He was ordained in Rome and was afterwards consecrated a bishop and was sent by Pope Celestine to Ireland where he arrived in 432 A.D.

St. Patrick stands revealed as a man of piety. History tells us of his zeal, his spirit of prayer, his invincible courage and, above all, his confidence in Almighty God.

He was in a pagan territory and he knew he had to convert the leading men, knowing that the people would follow them. Wonderful was his labor and wonderful its results.

He preached in every part of Ireland, confounded in argument the Druids, who were the leaders of a pagan religion, and won the people away from their pagan customs and beliefs. One of the apostle's first anxieties was to provide a native ministry. He selected the leading men of the country, and after a rather short course in the Christian religion, he ordained many. He became famous all over the small country.

It is said he built over 400 churches and consecrated many bishops before his death about 470, and left the whole machinery of a vital, active church.

After his death, the Christian religion kept growing, many colleges and monasteries were built, and in a remarkably short time, Ireland was sending scholars and missionaries all over the known world.

The country that was pagan when Patrick came amongst them became the center of Christianity and learning and was renowned for so many famous scholars and poets.

By Father John O'Brien

**School board meeting set**

The regular March meeting of the Morrow County School District board will be held at the district office in Lexington on Monday, Mar. 21, at 8 p.m.

The board will consider the negotiated agreements for both classified and certificated employees. These agreements have been finalized pending the development of the final contract language.

In a series of items related to interschool athletics, the board will consider a proposed policy for athletic participation, a resolution to participate in Oregon School Athletic Association athletic activities and a request from Heppner High School for an overnight baseball trip.

In other matters, the board is expected to consider clarification of the term of office for advisory committee members, resignation of employees, and an application for Title I funds.

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**Life Center film Sunday**

The story of Israel from ancient to modern times will be told in a one-hour color motion picture to be shown at 7 p.m. Sunday, Mar. 20, at the Christian Life Center in Heppner.

The film, entitled "His Land," is narrated in words and song by Cliff Barrows and Cliff Richard backed by Ralph Carmichael, who composed and arranged the musical score.

The film covers key locations in both ancient and modern Israel, including historic points in the life of Jesus and the Jewish prophets.

There is no admission charge and the public is invited to view the film.

The Christian Life Center is located at the corner of Willow and Gale Streets in Heppner, across from City Hall.

**Specials from**

**Court St. Market**

Cornish Game hens	1 1/2 lbs.	1.19 ea.
Buddig Wafer Sliced meats	3 oz.	2 for .89
Sigman Sliced bacon	1 lb.	1.39 pkg.
Mayon Tuna water pak	7 oz.	.65
Red salmon	15 1/2 oz.	1.79
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Avocados	4 for	1.00
Oranges Lg.	7 for	1.00

Prices effective Fri., Sat., March 18, 19

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Eggs—any style ham, bacon, or steak, hash browns, toast

with ham or bacon \$2.50  
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**Breakfast Bar**

Pears  
Plums  
Grapes  
Peaches  
Mandarin oranges  
Filled blueberry hotcakes  
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Link sausage

**\$2.50**

Package orders to go as always

- Seafood
- Steak
- Pizza

For pizza to go, call 676-5551

For sandwiches to go, call 676-5149

Sunday Luncheon Buffet 12-4

**THE HEPPNER GAZETTE-TIMES**

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Wil C. Phinney, Advertising Manager  
Tom Franks, Editor

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